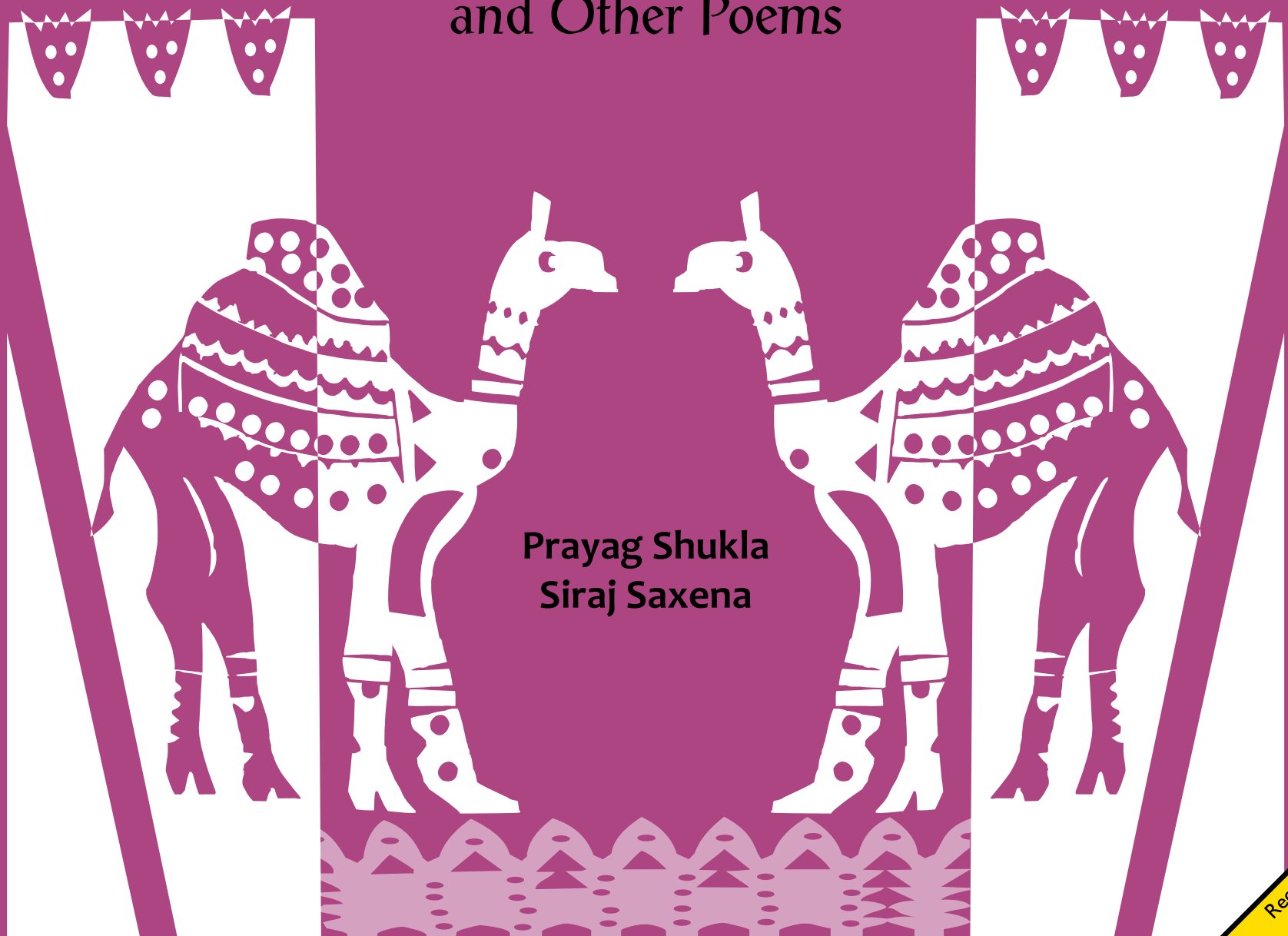




Here Comes the Camel

and Other Poems



Prayag Shukla
Siraj Saxena

Original Poems in Hindi **‘Uunt Chala Bhai Uunt Chala’** by Prayag Shukla

Illustrations: Siraj Saxena

‘Here Comes the Camel and Other Poems’ — English Translation by Manisha Chaudhry

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Second English Edition: 2014

ISBN: 978-81-8263-999-7

Typsetting and layout by:
Pratham Books, New Delhi

Printed by:
JK Offset Graphics Pvt. Ltd., New Delhi

Published by:
Pratham Books
www.prathambooks.org

Registered Office:
PRATHAM BOOKS
621, 2nd Floor, 5th Main, OMBR Layout
Banaswadi, Bengaluru 560 043
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New Delhi
T: +91 11 41042483



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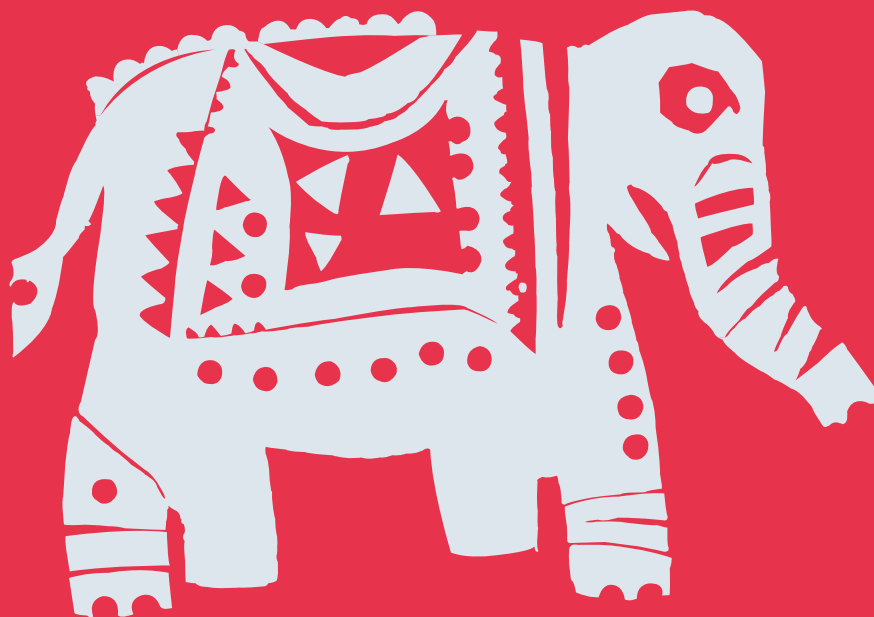


Butterfly

I met a butterfly,
yellow, black and brown.
Hovering over flowers,
flying up and down.
She sits so near
I'll touch her with no fear.
At once she flies away,
she sits but doesn't stay.



Thump Thump



THUMP THUMP

goes the elephant!

THUMP THUMP

the elephant comes!

He lifts his trunk,

he lowers it.

Wading into the water,

his trunk becomes a shower.



BuMP BuMP

goes the elephant!

BuMP BuMP

the elephant comes!

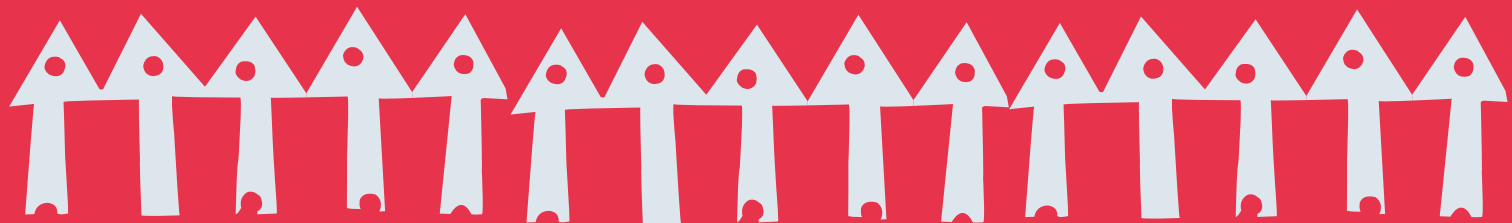
Bananas for his big fat tum,
he eats ten and counts one!

BuRP BuRP

goes the elephant!

BuRP BuRP

the elephant comes!





Off to School

Leaves are green
and flowers red.
Ready for school
as you leave the bed.
Left your pencil,
dropped your book!
Pick them up
and off to school!





Flying High

Lovely little butterfly,
yellow and blue butterfly.
She looks like a petal on a flower,
crossing flowerbeds afar.
A wave of colour,
with her wings aflutter,
she looks so bright.
Her quiet flight,
in the morning light.





Here Comes the Camel

Here comes the camel
rocking gently down the road!
Such a tall animal!
Here comes the camel!
With a neck so tall,
and a back so high,
the camel gently goes by.

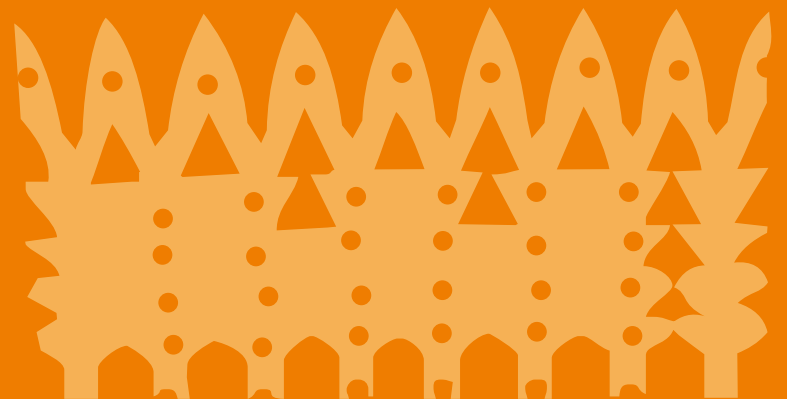


His feet like the sand,
carrying loads across the land,
walking quietly on the sand.
When he tires, he will sit.
On his right or his left?
That is his own **SECRET!**



Peacock

Look how the peacock dances,
on dainty steps he advances.
All his feathers in an arc,
glowing hues light and dark.
When the sky turns cloudy grey,
the peacock begins to sway.
Moving gently on his feet,
dancing to the rainy beat!



Food So Precious!

How about some idli-dosa,
or a nice hot samosa?

Let us eat some sweet mithai,
yummy rabri and malai!

Would you like some poori bhaji,
or fried brinjal bhaaja?

Spongy fresh dhokla is nice,
to gobble up in a trice.

But do not hurry when you eat,
careful not to spill any treat.

Because **FOOD** is so precious,
and also so **DELICIOUS!**



Drip Drop

DRIP DROP raindrops!

Can I touch them as they **PLOP**?

Eyes shut and face upturned,
for silver beads on curling lashes.

Eyes open to see what splashes!

Leaves and branches dripping wet.

Birds shedding little droplets!

Silver sheets on roofs and walls,

I see the rain as it falls!



The Race

A tumbling red tomato,
racing green peas!
Stumbling came the cauliflower,
not far behind is coriander!
Who will reach the finish line
in this race against time?





Swinging High

To and fro swings the doll,
pulled by the bird so small.
Uncle Monkey hides a smile,
in his hat of the latest style.
Aunty Kitten is also here
using her fat glasses to peer.
She also wants to have a go
to touch the sky, to and fro!





Umbrella

Who went to the market with Papa?

His dear old umbrella!

He is safe from the beating sun
with his dear old umbrella!

His bag in his right hand,
guess what the left demands?

When the rain comes pouring down,
Umbrella-Time all around!

It gets wet but keeps Papa dry.

Like a roof on his head
that is not very high!





Paper Boat

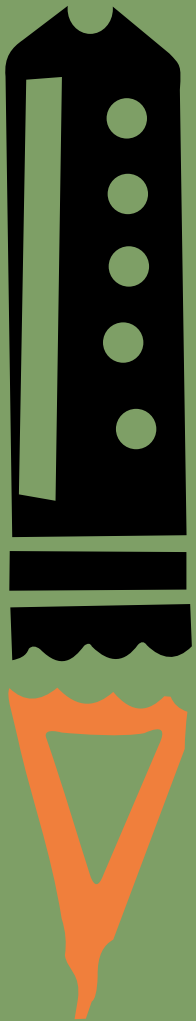
Let us make a paper boat,
in the water it will float!
Away floats the paper boat
running to a river unknown.
Dancing on the swirling waves,
a little speck as it sails away!





My Pencil

My pencil is so special,
it jots down letters neat.
In maths, it's hard to beat!
Leaves and flowers, plants and pots,
lions and birds, it draws in a shot!
Drawing lines for a house so tall,
my special pencil does it all!



Chugetty Chug

There goes the train

CHUGETTY CHUG!

On the tracks

CHUGETTY CHUG!





The longest whistle in the land

CHUGETTY CLACK!

Not the slow passenger train,
the fastest sleekest streaking Mail!

CHUGETTY CLACK

Goes the train!



My Ball

Bounce Bounce
goes my ball!

Run Run

runs my ball!

I like to run

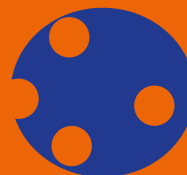
for my ball!

Quickly hides
my naughty ball!

Bounce Bounce
comes my ball!

I'm happy

when I find my ball!





Read India

Pratham Books was set up in 2004, as part of the Read India movement, a nation-wide campaign to promote reading among children. Pratham Books is a not-for-profit organization that publishes quality books for children in multiple Indian languages. Our mission is to see "a book in every child's hand" and democratize the joy of reading. If you would like to contribute to our mission, please email us at info@prathambooks.org.



Born in Kolkata in 1940, Prayag Shukla has been living in Delhi for the past 40 years. He likes to travel and meet people. A poet, author and journalist, Prayag Shukla regularly writes for children and has written many poems. He has also translated verse from English and Bangla into Hindi.



Born in Mhow, Madhya Pradesh in 1974, Siraj Saxena has studied fine arts from the Institute of Fine Arts, Indore. He has worked in the ceramic workshop of Bharat Bhawan. Based in Delhi now, he has held a number of solo exhibitions, both in India and abroad. He also conducts art workshops.

Prayag Shukla's poems in Hindi have enchanted young and old alike. This collection of poems translated into English brings the joy of his writing to a new set of readers. Siraj Saxena's innovative artwork adds to the appeal of this classic collection.

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Here Comes the Camel
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MRP: ₹ 40.00

ISBN 978-81-8263-999-7



9 788182 163997